

## ATTENTION

SEXUAL ORIENTED  
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TO MINORS.

PARASITE #20  
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c. Peter Sotos

# PARASITE

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THE WORLD'S BIGGEST GANG BANG  
Directed by John T. Bone  
(Fantastic Pictures)

THE COMFORT WOMEN  
George Hicks  
(Souvenir Press)

THE BUCHENWALD REPORT  
David A. Hackett  
(Westview Press)

CHILDREN IN THE HOLOCAUST AND  
WORLD WAR II -THEIR SECRET DIARIES  
Laurel Holliday  
(Pocket Books)

HIDDEN HOLOCAUST?  
Gunter Grau  
(Cassell)

## DOGS 2.

From jail, Dennis Nilsen recently talked with Jeff Edwards of London's DAILY MIRROR. Nilsen told Edwards about the penile plethysmography tests he's been submitting to:

"They've got this device whereby you are wired up by a ring on your penis which is wired to a monitor which also records your pulse rate, brain activity, how much you sweat, etc.

"You sit in a chair for about one and a half hours and you view pictures and active scenarios on video whereby you are aroused."

Nilsen has viewed a wide range of porno tapes and stills that included child pornography. But Nilsen says he only "shocked" doctors by responding more to pictures of females than to pictures of males. He also confessed to a greater desire for verisimilitude:

"The last half was very amateur video, a male and female scenario.

"He comes home, goes up to the wife who's busy at the kitchen sink.

"They fondle a bit and he ends up having sex with her on the sofa. Well, it's only simulated sex actually.

"It's done in such a way it's almost funny because it is like someone has stuck a video camera in someone's front room.

"The participants are far from being academy award material. Where it ceased to be believable at all was in the next scenario where the same man goes into the same kitchen and sneaks up on the same woman and attacks her in a rape scene.

"But it's done in such a clumsy fashion you can see it's faked. You don't believe in the credibility of what you're watching.

Dennis Nilsen has a possible explanation for his curious heterosexual response during the penile plethysmography tests:

"It was most odd. But even in my gay life I tended to be attracted exclusively to effeminate males.

"What attracted me to them was the feminine signals they gave off.

"I was never attracted to big butch gay men."

Nilsen says the doctors have a different explanation:

"They accused me of being a closet heterosexual, of putting on a gay mantle for psychological reasons going back to my childhood, i.e. fear of my mother or whatever... having been brought up in an all female household perhaps."

Sylvère Lotringer, in his book OVER EXPOSED (Pantheon, 1988), wrote about the penile plethysmography tests, as well as the other (then) newer Clorkwork Orange-style tests that sought to define "perverse" sexual data into minute specifics for purposes of aversion therapy and treatment. Lotringer interviewed one doctor who explained the minefield that is

"You could watch the opening shots from the film 'Basic Instinct' for example, and really that's much more believable. The film I saw was so bad it failed to have any impact. He was supposed to be beating her up and he was supposed to be strangling her, but you could see it was all fake."

HIDDEN HOLOCAUST? consists mainly of actual documents relating to the Nazi persecution of homosexuals during the years 1933-45. Its reliance on cold hard facts helps to define the Third Reich concern with Volk and the elimination of dissent, rather than the more typically misunderstood psych-definitions of closeted homophobia born of repression, denial and inadequacy. Its specificity translates to claustrophobia, its singular focus into fetishism.

THE BUCHENWALD REPORT throws a wider net but spends a greater amount of attention to each little particular catch. Luminaries like the kapo Herzog and the lusty Ilse Koch, only mentioned briefly in HIDDEN HOLOCAUST?, are here poked and prodded into fantastic fleshy beasts. Comprised primarily of the full and unexpurgated report that formed Eugen Kogon's classic THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF HELL, THE BUCHENWALD REPORT is an excited pig in the mud. The old guy that, after cumming once on the face of his whore, goes back again for another crack. Immediately. Another hole. Another review of the same information for more divination and satisfaction. In the same old filthy pit.

CHILDREN IN THE HOLOCAUST AND WORLD WAR II -THEIR SECRET DIARIES is even more specific than HIDDEN HOLOCAUST?. Its purview is obvious, but channeled directly into precise frames, tastes and conclusions. The supposed emotions that soft focus those dark and tattered photos of lost innocence and strangled hope. The last chances, the raped and defiled purity and all the marks of failure forever negated into safe and meaningless memories. And, of course, those little personalities that spirit far above the physical check-lists of partners and possible adversaries into dreams: attainable yet crushable, crying dreams that are forced into confessing their ugly vulnerability and half-formed worth.

And THE COMFORT WOMEN. Add the feminist concern that would be obvious. And the safe political maneuvering that justifies the complaint, purpose, outrage and finally, the details: The corporality of THE BUCHENWALD REPORT. The frenetic dedication to fact in HIDDEN HOLOCAUST?. And the delight in fevered selection that is CHILDREN IN THE HOLOCAUST AND WORLD WAR II -THEIR SECRET DIARIES. The story of the "sex slaves of the Japanese Imperial Forces" changes nothing but the combination that becomes greater than all the parts.

The personality gets thinner and thinner. The scope is narrowed and, hopefully, continuously defined. Not re-worked but guided and pounded and crushed into smaller and smaller bits.

There is no such thing as soul.

There is no such thing as future that doesn't exist right now, before these eyes.

And that Floridian hog with her face and brain caked in lard and liquor slaps another fat wet cock into her sick existence. And the cock tries to concentrate and enjoy the slurping, jiggling and dirty little words and thoughts of the pig beneath it.

the connection between pornography and fantasy:

"It's too hard to work with slides. I want to get away from that kind of complexity, to something simple where I can either prove or disprove. We find that (audio) tapes are much more effective in discriminating between deviant and nondeviant arousal. If you get aroused to slides, you may get aroused to ALL the slides. But if you listen to the tapes, you tend to be aroused only to those tapes that are related to your fantasy. If you get aroused, for instance, to tapes with sex that's not violent, when the violent tapes come on, you don't get aroused at all. However, with the slides, you might get aroused to the image of a woman being tied down. You might not be aroused to the sight of ropes, but to the sight of naked breasts."

Context, then, is not everything. Not for the desperate. Not for a paraphiliac. Not for a size queen. Not for a sneaky little pedophile who knows the full worth of a day at the beach.

It depends on how you're looking at what you're looking for. And there's a lot to look at. And through.

The titles that run through THE BUCHENWALD REPORT read like smutty little Boyd McDonald-isms from the pages of STH:

STARVED TO DEATH IN

All the way in and down into that black throat, pushing down on that fat thick baby tongue. And making a hook with my fingers. Inside that mouth. My thumb on your little chin. My fucking filthy hand that smells like a gross fucking sandwich, fat meat, cheese and lard, greasy potato chips or my just pissed balls all inside your face. Covering the bottom of your head, the mouth you use to beg with. The mouth and chin you might try and laugh with when -what- when momma lets you off the leash just before bedtime you little flesh trader?

Would you like some money in that cup?

Would you like something to eat -something to crumble and place through those little puffed chub cheeks and gentle mouth, soft lips and pushy colorless eyes? Make a kiss. Wipe the spit off a little, honey. Close those burning eyes. Close your eyes. Try and smile. There there. Would you like something to fill that tight pulling forming little girl's belly. That thin flat stomach just there with a firm but loving stinging loud slap. A pat and rub. And fingers that can't wait to crawl a little lower. Retract. And inside. And a bit higher across the front to that bony chest and slowly compress all that taut flesh that'll just split and pull and scrape across those bones and pumping fist-sized heart and girly baby dirty thin skin.

I like the fingers back in your mouth, little dear. I like my thumb maybe forcing hard down into your wet nestled tongue and seeing those tears start in the lower edges of your muddy glass eyes. Stare right back at me and think of the money or your momma or aunt or hunchbacked papa or whatever goes with that incorrect existence. Think of handing over that money. Of those huge ugly seething smoking jailers spending that money. Think of them wiping out the cold insides of your mouth and cunt. Looking for bruises on your chest and throat. Flat on your back, up at the ceiling, now towards the sides, now down, looking at the blood that burst behind your worthless big baby eyes. Cleaning you up. Washing me off. Spitting and swallowing it out. Towelling you off.

I don't need to know. I don't need to understand any facts, details or ridiculous attempts at truth.

And I don't want you to be subhuman, sweetheart. I'm not interested in touching anything I didn't touch long before entering. Entering the whole deal. You're special, yes indeed. But not because of anything you, or the people who sell you, do.

That cute pointing gesture and hung lazy begging mouth, cheap glint and board navel that points to a gaping ...um, bloody coke bottled ripped scar and bite marks and a slippery wet set of mucous drenched fingers and spit and piss and momma's umbilical bleed and shit and crybaby screams and deep howls and confusion and hate and bright white black punches, kicks and cum has absolutely nothing to do with what you offer either way.

I held that personality in my hand -your personality- in my hand before I walked in here and saw that small motion walking behind me. Tugging at my sleeve. Being so impolite and forceful and demanding and bad needy. So professional.

"These two girls were somewhere between fifteen and twenty-two years old. One of them had brown hair, the other black. They had clothes on, and they had bruises on their faces like someone had hit them. The other guys pushed them down on the ground and held their arms down. And I pulled up their skirts, but they didn't have anything on underneath, no underwear, and I had to rape them. It was just like that, more or less for appearances sake....How can I say this? I didn't feel anything while I was doing it, it was only a little, each one a little bit, I didn't come. The other guys were laughing the whole time and shouting out dumb things, 'Hey, looky here, go to it', and things like that, but I wasn't really listening closely. The girls were crying the whole time." (Slobodan Panic quoted by Alexandra Stiglmayer, "The Rapes In Bosnia-Herzegovina", MASS RAPE)

"One morning I decided to cut off all my hair and make myself look as unattractive as possible. I cut my hair until I was quite bald. 'No one would like me like this', I thought. But of course, it did not help me one bit. The rumour spread that one of the girls had cut off all her hair, and it turned me into a curiosity object."

(Jan Ruff, THE COMFORT WOMEN)

was any other time. The number, the smiles and buddy pats, line generosity, the stretches and fast absent-minded tugs, the slop and depressingly small amount of sweat. The worn red scratched cunt that's never quite as clear as it should be: puffed out and swollen and blistered and infected. And black hell hole hung drawn open. Collapsed. Raw. Fevered and discharging and seeping and bleeding and scraped all inside and out. Pap smear pig. A fucking black tomb, not a lazy temple. A sewer, a urinal, a wet rag not a safe polite gift. A tawdry protocol. The care for the queen, the porno industry back talk and self-aggrandizement, the sick hookers and simple trade impulses are all next to nothing given the difference between value and price.

And that value that doesn't matter in the slightest to the horny dogs lined up panting. Boystown. Dead ahead lies cunt.

When do you learn not to?

These gypsy mothers look to send their little children around. In a dirty train station in Paris -immaculate by American standards- Gare du Nord or Gare de Lyon or where- ever- these filthy little sheet wrapped demons ply their trade. A very young boy, maybe eight, and a couple of older but barely twelve year old girls walk next to you as you check out the departure times on one of the overhanging boards. They tug on your sleeve and motion to their mouths; point to their skinny bellies completely covered by their fucking pastel bed sheets. They're very persistent. Again, not at all like what Americans are used to. They're muttering in French over and over, pointing at their open mouths with hang-dog eyes and begging for money and food.

Dirty little rats. Darling little urchins. Special little devils. Flat dark complexions with a little Gallic, a little soot and a little professional cartoon sympathy. A perfect package of abuse think the christians among the pack. A perfect package of annoying gall think the fat. A perfect picture of little fuckable screaming flesh for the right price dreams the degenerate.

Chubby cheeks. How much would your cow mother sell that face to me for? If I could trust the ridiculous situation or the wretched circumstance. Or the mind freezing fear and spine shortening lust. In one of the dank bathrooms maybe? That's not what you want, is it, you greasy little package of manicured wolf. Your new teeth and do you get a chance to play at night or in the very early morning? Where? Inside some fucking tent or something? Some ghetto? With some hairy freak and fat mama vodka fucks in the bed by your soft tiny black haired head. Your dreamy round frightened face. How much to unwrap that carpet? That mile long towel that hides and advertises those harsh bones and mosquito bites.

I like the finger pointing to that deep black mouth, sweetheart.

And the childish digit to the tummy as well. The large eyes, imitating entreaty and careful pout. Those cheeks are simply perfect. I see that impulse, I see that move, you know -my fat dirty knuckle eczematous long finger jutting into that lippered open wet hole. Those soft pinkish lips. Everything so small and hung dead in an open loll. Those stubby teeth that I scratch and push further -gently, slowly- staring at that fucking martian face and money gape sucking in every long second. Knowing and feasting on every blank empty feature in that little girl destroyed face.

QUEEN.

SPLIT is directed by Andrew Weeks and Ellen Fisher Turk, written by Dan Chayefsky and released by Waterbearer Films. SPLIT collects an impressive wealth of film, fashion photography, interviews and barroom home movies shot by friends and fans of Chrysis, as well as video-taped interviews with its close pals. Sadly, all concerned miss the point.

Justin Davis recalls:

"She did the old men for money. I mean, she needed alot of money. Sequins, glitter, wigs, eyelashes, cars, she needed to get around. And she didn't get around like a tramp on the west side highway. 'Cause she wasn't."

And (please) David Glamamore:

"The people that like drag queens are, most of the time, the sickest people in the world."

Maybe the fact that that's all you hear about that specific reality, and all the rest is about the glory and bravery of such a special and unique "personality", says more than you can know by simple anecdotes. Maybe the clean wash of eulogies and polite company that looks the other way is exactly the context shit stained needles and peeling fleshy wax and fucked out holes and blank minds beg for and deserve. And represent.

When did you learn not to?

Where? From whom? When you line up. And wait.

When did you learn your manners? Where did you learn to wait your turn and what to do? How to towel her off and care for her; how to keep your cool and relax and line up.

When did you learn not to turn that open gash into a dry scraped red worn wound? When did you learn to spit on your fingers and to rub grease into that fucking sewer so you won't tear the thin skin off your cock when you slam in and out of that seething mother's organ.

That technique that you so naturally apply to your wrist and fingers as you move effortlessly about your burning hard-on, positioning yourself to ejaculate onto her sweaty moaning whore's head.

How do you quell your disgust?

How do you know when you've hit the right position? When you've got your clotted load into her eyes, nose and lovely, lovely, straight down her skinny throat down into her sick gullet. Her womb. Her hole.

How do you function?

How do you work it all out?

How do you know when to spin her around and apply a little more mucous into that fecal abscess and plunge into her whole boned body. Did you cum yet? You squirting freak pig? You fucking pig. Did you feel that tiny twitch that makes your joints ache, nipples harden and face flush? You fat beast, you hole waiting to happen.

You slag.

When did you learn not to turn this train into something real? Something violent and satisfying?

When did you learn not to slam one after another into that great fat pit as she's being kept flat down by her ankles and wrists? With another choking her, maybe, and smashing her teeth into jagged bits ripping down into her bloody sputtering gagging wet throat if she fucking dares to nip your hot dick as you stuff it all full into that bawling pleading spitted mouth.

When did you learn to care for your sisters?

And keep your distance?

How do you fight that impulse? How do you feed that nature?

Careful not to step in that shit.

How do you know when to stop? How do you know when she's just about dead? When have you really had enough? Your fill? What you deserve?

Cheap street slut, just asking for it. Waiting to be filled and completed and paid. That yes. That offer. That sly acquiescence. That honest mutuality, that cheap cunt.

And when do you learn to look back and make sense of it all?

"We are led into a large courtyard, not far from the train station, no doubt, because there are railroad tracks and freight cars. We are ordered to climb in. And the soldiers push, hit, demand that we climb in faster. Where is Mama? What will happen to them all? I weep. What have I done? What have Mama and the others done? Where does this barbarous hatred come from, the rage to exterminate us because we are Jews?

"The train is moving. We are rolling...and Mama? Where is she? Why did they separate us? Even dying, I would be less afraid if we were together."

A CRATE

ANIMALS LIVED BETTER THAN HUMANS

MASSEUR TO THE SS HUMAN REMAINS IN THE SEWERS

SS SADISTS BURIED ALIVE STORIES ABOUT THE WHIPPING BLOCK

Billy Miller has taken over as editor of STH now that Boyd McDonald is dead. Issue #61 celebrates the 25th anniversary of STH ('69-'94) and among the usual tea-room tallies and cock and screw obsessiveness, is a brief eulogy for Boyd:

"He loved: teenage boys of all colors and persuasions, Central Park, cigarettes, coffee, his niece, classical literature (although his idea of 'classical' was sometimes a bit odd), Mae West, Gary Cooper, Bob Mizer's photographs, black humor, bodily secretions, cookies, underwear, the news, crotch watching, the under-class and foul language."

Someone at Award Films International may know something about specifics. And targets. And more than simple demographics. Or it might be coincidence. Or really good fucking luck for those silent members of the "sexual underground" who are dedicated enough to only see ART in the most prurient sense. The coming attraction trailers that precede the newest Award Films International video

(Macha Rolnikas, Lithuania, 14 years old, CHILDREN IN THE HOLOCAUST AND WORLD WAR II -THEIR SECRET DIARIES)

"As I have always stressed in my reports, sex crimes are not subsiding in this district. Proceedings were taken not only under SS175, 176 sect. 1 no. 3 of the Penal Code but also SS172, 173, 177, 182 and 183. The shamelessness of men with unnatural tendencies is shown by a case in which two men relieved each other in a wine bar in the presence of other customers. In another case a homosexual in a public house followed a non-commissioned officer who was a complete stranger to him into the toilets. There he took the other's hand and guided it to his sex organ. Later it was possible to arrest under SS175, 3d of the Penal Code a head waiter who had earlier been active in Zeulenroda. He must be declared a thoroughly dangerous 'friend' of young people." (Gera Chief Prosecutor, Gera, 16 March 1938, HIDDEN HOLOCAUST?)

"At the special request of Frau Koch, a private riding hall was constructed in the first year of the war. A huge, costly wooden building was erected, rectangular in form, approximately 120 by 300 feet and a good 60 feet high; it was decorated inside with wall mirrors, as in a riding school. Construction had to be accelerated to such an extent that up to thirty prisoners were fatally injured or driven to their deaths as they worked on it. Building costs ran around a quarter of a million marks. After its completion Frau Koch held her morning ride there for a quarter to a half hour a few times a week, during which the SS band had to provide the musical accompaniment."

(THE DRONE EXISTENCE OF THE SS, THE BUCHENWALD REPORT)

"One night about 7p.m. a soldier came to my room. I was forced to entertain him. I resisted at first, and he barked at me. I then squatted down on my haunches to defend myself. He hit me and stripped me naked. Soon I was to be stripped of every shred of pride and dignity as well. The same thing happened to Rika and the other girls...We could not resist, nor could we run away, since the camp was so heavily guarded. In the end we had no choice but to accept our fate. ...They should have been ashamed of themselves for robbing us of our youth. We had to service five to ten soldiers a day and would be hit or tortured if we refused."

(Johana and Rika, THE COMFORT WOMEN)

When did you learn not to?

Just before starting the second hundred guys, John T. Bone, director of THE WORLD'S BIGGEST GANG BANG, announces through a bullhorn that his star, Annabel Chong, is very worried about getting scratched. With all the sperm flying around on her shoulder, face, back, ass, cunt, belly, legs and arms, should Ms. Chong get cut something dreadful could infect her beauty quite permanently. Mr. Bone asks that the men be especially careful not to scratch her with their long jagged fingernails and, starting now, to stop putting their fingers inside her cunt.

"No fingers, no fingers", the director, camera men, security, assembled dogs and the bucket herself, are quick to repeat over and over again as soon as someone gets a bit over anxious. "Let me put it in", Annabel snorts.

During the same break, Mr. Bone and master of ceremonies Ron Jeremy discover that the record for biggest gang bang is held by "someone in Finland" at 121 guys. John T. Bone becomes very excited and parades through the studio (set up

release SMUKKE DRENG are of STREET KID (from Germany) and CLAY FARMERS (from the U.S.). Both clips feature quick edits of nude young boys. Skinny ribs, small nipples on flat smooth chests, long dirty hair and small picture-perfect bums.

SMUKKE DRENG (Pretty Boy) from Denmark, features the young Christian Tai Drup as a fourteen year old runaway. Directed by Carsten Sønder, SMUKKE DRENG (in Danish with English subtitles) runs straight down the list of favorite fetish elements on the page marked: SERIOUS ROUGH TRADE: THE SEXY FORMATIVE TEEN YEARS.

The prostitution, the tough rejected street gang, the lost and loose mother, the absent father, the sugar daddies, the dreams and boy-ish wishes. And he's straight to boot.

To see SMUKKE DRENG in any other way would be ridiculous. Its romantic allegories, its trite gritty reality, its social dysfunction, murderous rage as loveless frustration and every other lust cartoon must be parody if not attempts at fleshing out those hazy stereotypes with real boy meat. The frequent and numerous scenes of Christian in his skimpy bikini bathing trunks and tight full package underwear, and his nude scenes -like the

like a Roman garage) repeating the record breaking fuck is just minutes away. Which has suddenly become the point, apparently.

The workman-like atmosphere is echoed by Annabel running through the numbers by tackling five guys at a time, all holes available, and the large documentary crew featuring numerous film men, still photographers, security, towel boy and director all buzzing and stumbling around her uncomfortable puddle stained table/altar.

After 240 men and another break for Annabel, T. Bone is agitated and scolds through his bullhorn that his great fear has in fact happened. The lovely only slightly worn Annabel has been scratched. But T. Bone doesn't mention AIDS or disease, just the pain that the girl he has purchased to squat on, suck at and squeeze off 300 or so separate cocks now suffers.

She can only take 10 more guys en masse with Ron Jeremy being the 251st. The record, after all, has already been broken.

There's some pushy niggers and alot of fat businessmen; one of whom presents Annabel with a touching street corner rose. There's lots of condoms and money shots -erm, facials- and Annabel's groans and squeals, tap and wiggle blow-job technique and careful face positioning.

There's also a handful of ragged fluff girls. And although the actual count of men is hardly unimpressive, the final tally is sadly reached by many of the cocks being counted more than once.

Ron Jeremy conducts interviews in his affable though tiresome though pathetic manner throughout. He jabbers with the johns and regularly inquires after Annabel's health and countenance.

Annabel sips from an ice filled cup, takes countless time-outs (the cameras even record her having her make-up reapplied) and is towed off frequently.

The veneer of THE WORLD'S BIGGEST GANG BANG is only slightly different to DUTCH TREAT. The size and American work ethic changes things only just. The California porno cliches that the men and their cunts mimic so aggressively and easily also separates the two tapes. And while the heads down boogie through any-hole-at-all remains the same in theory, the American lust to cum seems much more formidable. Even given that they are allowed some more time and holes, these dogs seem more concerned and concentrated than their professionalism alone could account for. Her tongue and always open eyes. Her protection. The old man beating himself off over the back of her head, staring at the four other fuckers but focused, obviously, necessarily, somewhere else entirely. All that cum and hand twisting, body molding, fantasy reacting actions. All those chances and promises. All that stroking and hoping and bathroom release.

And the scratch and its fear is the final smack of the video. The thought that the prostitute who collects sperm over her clearly scarred fake tits and Oriental painted whore's face -who's patent pro-porno droolings still display nothing more than a blank housefrau stupidity- is filling that fragile mind with slow cold death. Just begging for it. On sale; cheap and primitive and degenerate and the requirements for the purchase is that it must be made immediately without concern for any other moment. As if there

one where he's thrown out of the shower and down the stairs, his jutting uncut cock and lightly hairy balls bunched up and caught in full view between his skinny stomach lines and shiny thin legs, as he struggles with the terrible brutality of youth, sex and his own pure darling innocence- are better understood that way.

What's just about good enough, then?

A bad lip-synch. A trashy flashy dress that still doesn't fit just right. And the two different sized tits with uneven lumps and nipple scars. The electrolysis pits. The fact that the wooden stage they own with their blue songs and stand-up routines are in ghettos and peopled by only those waiting their turn. That the film crews and street whistles and moneyed daddies are always slightly less than Hollywood or Paris.

A 12 year old transvestite hustles its way out of a mental home, whores in the streets, injects \$25 shots of hormones, parades through Stonewall, the dressing rooms of Trash N' Vaudeville and The Blue Angel. Ends up a friend of Dali, a Studio 54 fashion freak and a Wigstock icon. And its film biography is a sixty minute video release titled SPLIT, WILLIAM TO CHRYSIS, PORTRAIT OF A DRAG